
Title: Postulations I

Author: Archae Titus

Contained within are a series of postulative exercises by Professor Archae Titus of the Lycæum with a series of possibilities of how things can go wrong.

Adventurers' knowledge of Britannia, it can be fairly stated, was often wide, but not often deep.

Adventurers saw a lot of this land. They saw something of the local color, they even occasionally could learn the local dialects, local patterns of dress, and could fit in if they wished to.

But, that's a lot different than living on the ground with the common folk. Many of these people who fretted about artifact prices and the size of the plots for their fancy houses may have once upon a time had to worry about where the next meal was coming from, but some never did at all, and even those who once had to, had to no longer.

But, for some Britanniāns, those worries never left.

And it was those people who truly suffer without a strong central government. To the adventurers, whose stories we read and celebrate, those were the people at the margins. But even those at the margins have their own stories,

their own cares, their
own responsibilities.

In Vesper

Take, for example, Jared,
the Bank Guard of
Vesper.

Day in, day out, he
watched the adventurers
fill million gold checks, so
casually. They would
complain about how little
a million gold was these
days. "Give some to
me," he'd think to
himself. "That's still
enough to feed my family
for years! It's about 5
years' pay! And a Bank
Guard is skilled work!"
He'd think this, but he'd
never say it. And he'd
surely never do anything
about it, or so he
thought.

But Jared's old friend,
Jasper, wasn't like Jared.
Jasper did stuff. Bad
stuff. And it'd been
getting worse. Jasper
fancied himself a criminal,
but he was
none-too-successful at it.
Fortunately he was a
better at running away
than he was at the
actual crime. Jasper
hadn't hurt anyone yet
but it was only a matter
of time. The other day
he'd robbed a family near
the bank and the family's
young son was nearly cut
down in the ensuing
struggle with the Town
Guards.

"Hey, Jared!" Jasper
whispered to his friend
from the shadows.

Jared's shift had just
ended. He wanted to get
home; his wife was baking
pie. His armor, which
sometimes the
adventurers found it
necessary to laugh at,
felt heavy.

"What is it, Jasper."

Jared sounded, and was,
tired. Tired from working,
and tired of Jasper's
increasingly dangerous
antics. Sooner or later,
Jared knew, Jared's
friendship with Jasper
would be discovered,
Jared'd be in trouble.

“Not out there!”

Jared sighed and followed
his friend into shadows
of Vesper. Under a
bridge, Jasper emerged
from the shadows.

“This better be good,
Jasper.”

“Oh, it is. I guess they
don't value these things
as much as they used
to,” said Jasper, and he
showed his wrist to
Jared. On that Jasper's
wrist was a bracelet, the
distinctive blue of an
un-dyed Ornament of the
Magician.

“Jasper! That's millions!
At least a dozen of
them, even now! They'll
notice that.”

“Oh, hush, Jared. This
was a rich fellow, he
could replace it, or
better it, easily. You
should see some of the
stuff they're pulling out
of the Dungeon Shame!”
Neither Jasper nor Jared
knew that this Ornament
was the only significant
possession of the wearer;
he had been intending on
selling it to buy a good
suit of armor, which he
needed infinitely more
than any specific bracelet.

“But it's still wrong!”

Isn't it funny how easily
people fall back onto
false moral questions
when they don't know the
right answers to the
practical questions they
should be asking?

Jasper laughed at his old
friend. “Oh come on

Jared. Haven't you
figured it out yet?"

"Figured what out!"

"The Virtues are dead.

They died a long time ago
and the government made
it seem like they were
alive when they weren't.

Like....Like a fake

necromancy. They didn't
keep the Virtues alive,
just kept their image up.

Sure, Dawn believed the
lie where Casca didn't.

But it's the same thing.

Both just kept up the
lie. But now, guess what?

No government, no Virtue,
no illusion. Now we can
see things how they

really are. Honesty's one
of the Virtues, isn't it?"

What frightened Jared
was that he didn't know
how to respond. He felt
there was no refutation
to his friend's words.

Jasper continued. "All
that matters now is us.

Us here on the ground
and how we're going to
survive. That's Honesty,
right there. Honesty to
admit that. A bunch of
us have been talking."

"Who? And talking about
what?"

Jared suddenly seemed all
guard-like again to
Jasper, he'd sounded
almost human for a few
minutes, and Jasper
laughed again. "You sure
you want to hear about
this old friend?"

"Yes!"

"A bunch of us have
been talking.....About a
new way to be. A new
way to survive. A new
way to prosper. A new
way to get what we
need, what we want."

Jared didn't know the
specifics yet, but he
knew he wanted to know

more, and he knew that
in the wanting, he'd
already made his choice.
Jared came home very
late and ate his pie cold.